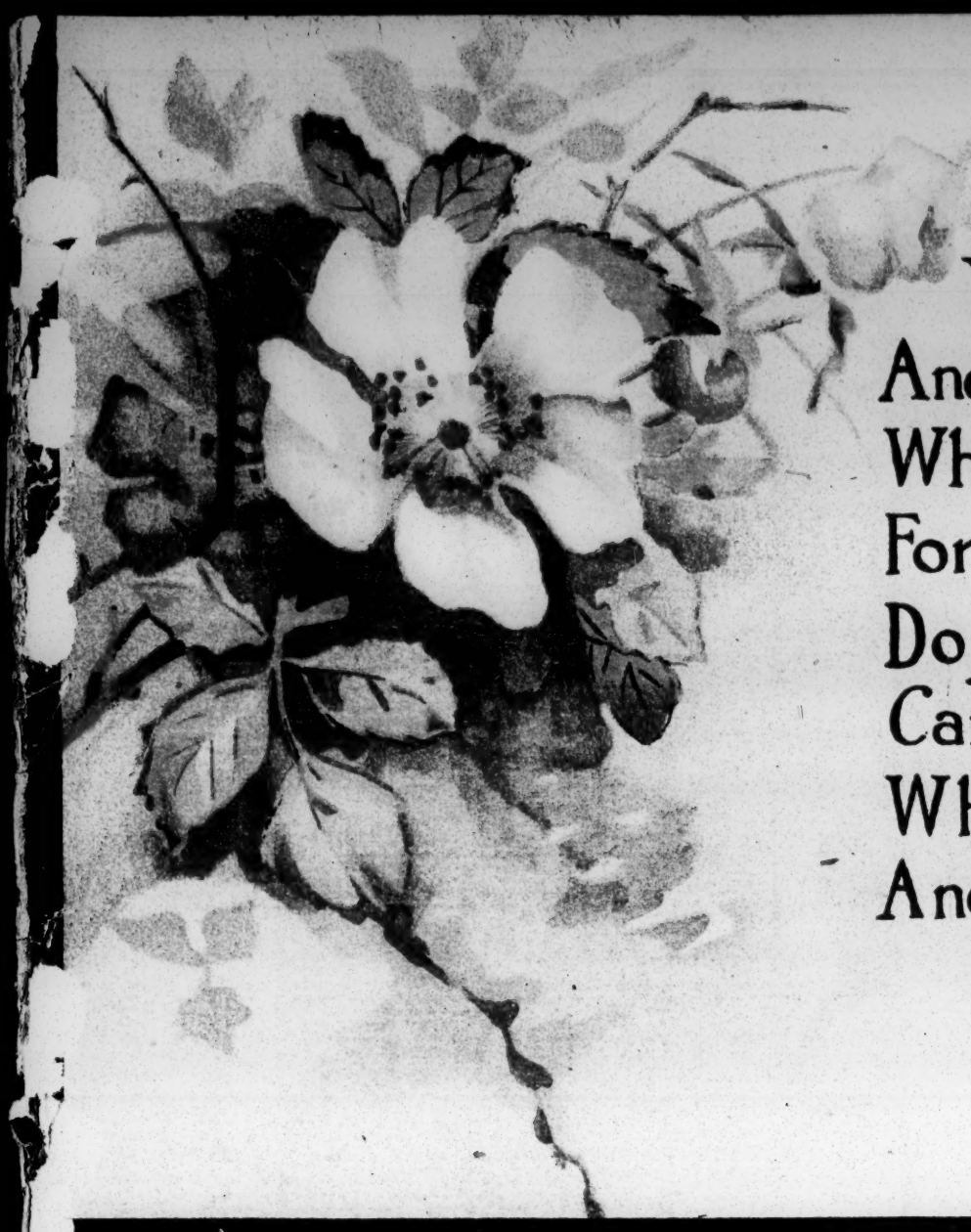

When you come to the end of a Perfect Day
And you sit alone with your thought
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay
For the joy that the day has brought.
Do you think what the end of a Perfect Day
Can mean to a tired heart
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray
And the dear friends have to part ?

Carrie Jacobs-Bond
1909

A PERFECT DAY

Words and Music
by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

High
Medium
Low

2/-Net

60 Cents

Published in London
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The Frederick Harris Company,
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(Printed in England)

God remembers when the world forgets.

Words by
CLIFTON BINGHAM.

LOW. MEDIUM. HIGH.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Allegretto.

p

How man-y gar-dens in this world of ours,— Hold blos-soms that have nev-er come to flow'rs?

A sud-den wind— comes— cold - ly by,— The rose-tree bids its fair-est bud good - bye.

rall.

2.
How many ships of ours go out to sea
In search of havens that shall tranquil be?
The storms of fate their fairest hopes o'er set,
And there is naught to do except forget.

3.
How many wear a smile upon their face
Although their hearts may hold an empty place?
None know the heights nor depths of their regrets,
But God remembers when the world forgets.

The Soul of You.

Words by
MARGARET HOBSON ALBERS.

LOW. MEDIUM. HIGH.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Allegro moderato.

p

The rose stood fair in the crys - tal vase, Her leaves yet tipped with a

mf

pearl of dew; And I knew, as I looked in her love - ly face, That the soul of the rose— was you.— A

f *p* *p*

f *p* *p*

2.
A song filled the air with its vibrant swell,
Heartfelt and soulful, tender and true;
It thrilled me with bliss, for I knew so well
That the soul of the song was you.

3.
A thought came into my waiting mind,
Deep in conception, broad in view;
It set me apart from earth's common kind,
The soul of that thought was you.

of all Music Sellers

LONDON.

THE FREDERICK HARRIS COMPANY,

40, BERNERS St., OXFORD St., W. 1.

A Perfect Day.

'Cello Obbligato.

Words and Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Moderato espressivo.

'Cello
p sostenuto

When you come to the end of a per - fect day, And you sit a - lone with your thought, While the chimes ring out with a car - ol gay For the

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God remembers when the world forgets.

Words by
CLIFTON BINGHAM.

LOW. MEDIUM. HIGH.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Allegretto.

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A sud-den wind— comes— cold - ly by,— The rose-tree bids its fair-est bud good - bye.

rall.

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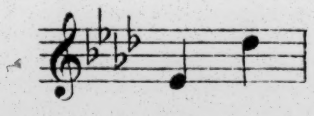
'Cello Obbligato.



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CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

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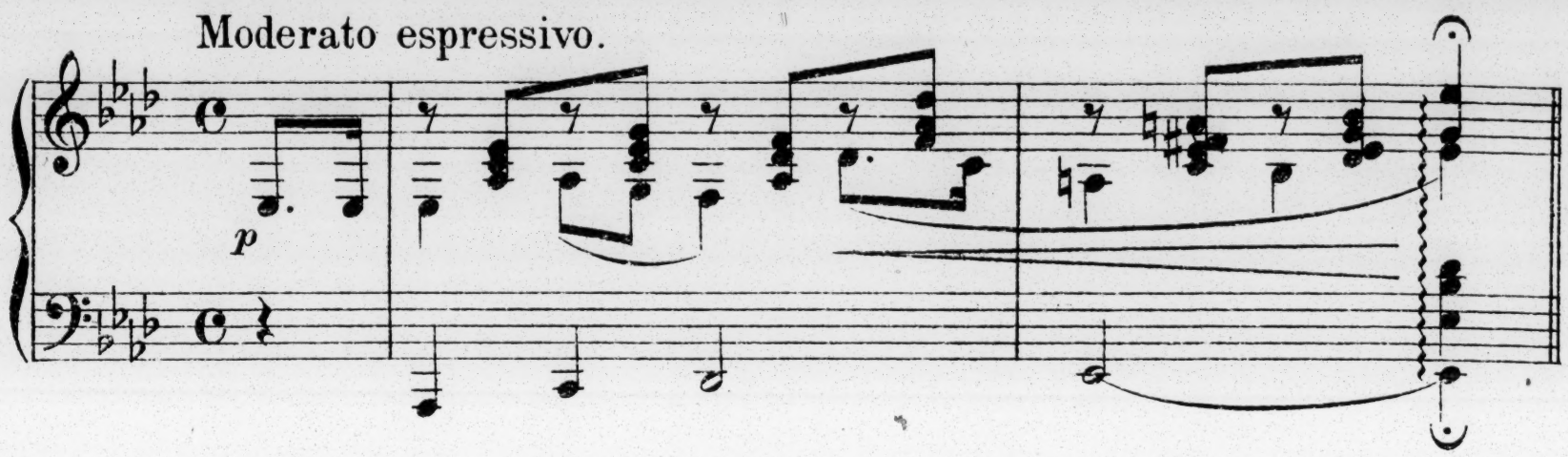
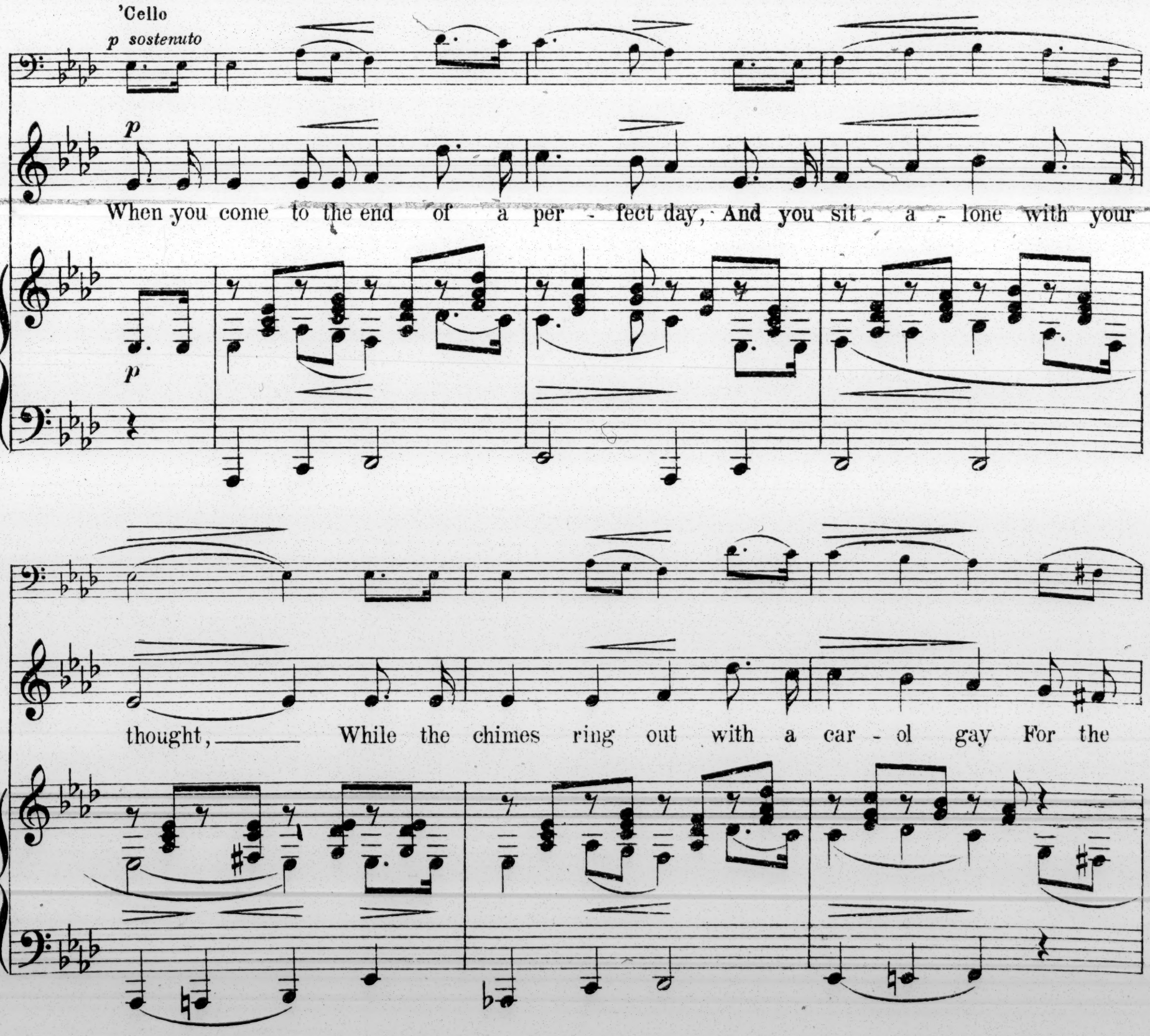

'Cello
p sostenuto

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When you come to the end of a per - fect day, And you sit a - lone with your

p

thought, While the chimes ring out with a car - ol gay For the

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mf

mf

joy that the day has brought, Do you think what the end of a

mf

per - fect day Can mean to a tired heart, When the

rall. *p*

sun goes down with a flam-ing ray, And the dear friends have to part?

rall. *p*

p *cresc.* *mf*

p *cresc.* *mf*

p

p

Well, this is the end of a per - fect day, Near the end of a jour - ney,

too; But it leaves a thought that is big and strong, With a

mf

mf

wish that is kind and true. For mem - 'ry has paint - ed this

mf

per - fect day With col - ors that nev - er fade, And we

rall. pp

find at the end of a per - fect day The soul of a friend we've made.

rall. pp

A Perfect Day.

'Cello Obbligato.

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Moderato espressivo.

1

p sostenuto

mf

rall.

p

p *cresc.* *mf* *p*

mf

rall.

pp

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mf

mf

wish that is kind and true. For mem - 'ry has paint - ed this

mf

per - fect day With col - ors that nev - er fade, And we

rall. *pp*

find at the end of a per - fect day The soul of a friend we've made.

rall. *pp*

rall. *pp*

A Perfect Day.

'Cello Obbligato.

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Moderato espressivo.

1

p sostenuto

mf

rall.

p

p *cresc.* *mf* *p*

mf

rall

pp

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A Cottage in God's Garden.

LOW. MEDIUM. HIGH.

Words and Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

Semplice.

I've a cot-tage in God's gar-den, Up - on a mountain high, A - way from strife and turmoil And all life's din and cry. A - way from care and sor-row, From all life's tears and woe, A cot-tage in God's gar-den, Where

L.H.

Ped. *

2.

I've a cottage in God's garden
Where my tired feet may rest,
And, weary though my soul be,
My spirit there is blessed.

The wild birds chant their carols,
And wild flowers bloom galore
Out in God's lovely garden –
How could I ask for more?

Robin Adair.

Words ANONYMOUS

LOW. HIGH.

Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

Espressivo.

Art thou for ev - er gone, Rob - in A - dair, While I am left a - lone,

cresc.

Rob - in A - dair? Can I be - lieve thou art Torn from my ach - ing heart?

cresc.

2.

Still is thy bosom now, Robin Adair,
Cold is thy manly brow, Robin Adair.
Wintry this world to me,
Pleasure it canna be,
I am bereft of thee, Robin Adair.

3.

But true love canna dee, Robin Adair,
Sweet thought to comfort me, Robin Adair.
Soon shall we meet again
Where joys that never wane
Shall banish ilka pain, Robin Adair.

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